BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09875 162 9

№ 2400.22

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 . 1878

Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

JUL 19		DUE DUE
JUL 21 1949		
DUE MAY 4 1951		

B.P.L. FORM NO. 609: 2.29,40: 414M.

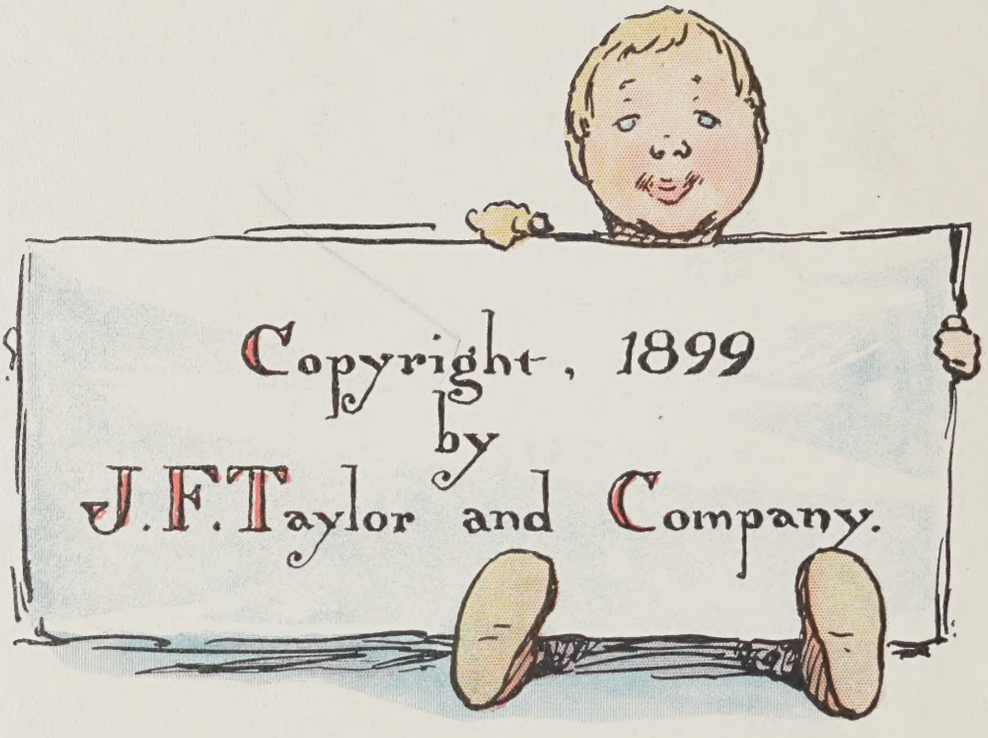
Little Leather Breeches,
and other
Southern Rhymes.

Being a number of Folk-lore songs, Negro rhymes, Street-venders' cries, etc., gathered from various parts of the South.

Collected and Arranged
by
Francis P. Wightman.
Illustrations by the Author.

New York:
J. F. Taylor and Company.
1899.

5947



Dec 11. 1899
6.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Oh! My little boy, who made
your breeches?

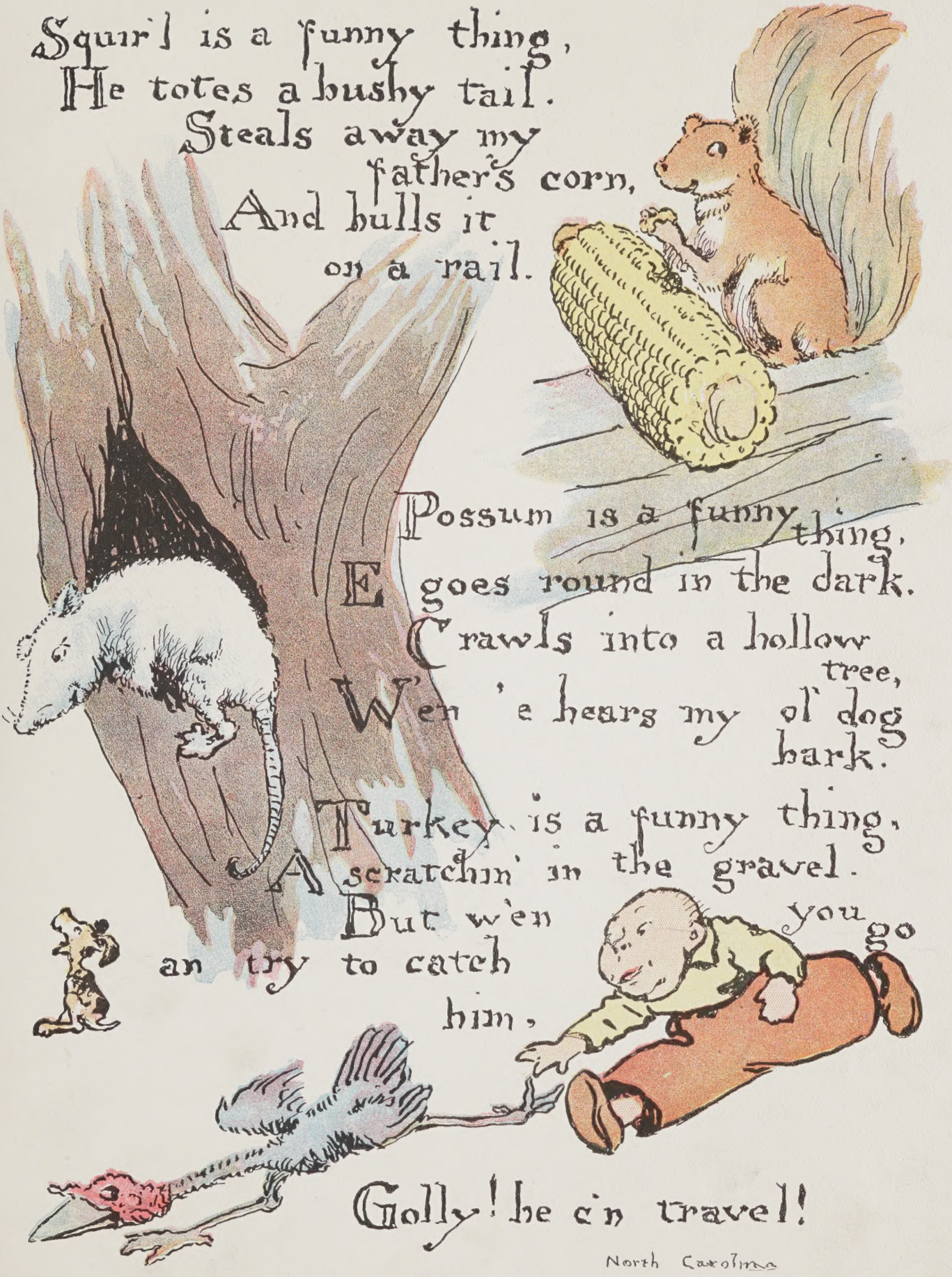
Mammy cut 'em out,
daddy sewed th' stitches.
Leather breeches, full
o' stitches;
Leather breeches,
buttons on!
Mammy pulled me out
o' baid
Becuz I haid my
breeches on!

Here I stand,
on two
little chips,
Do come kiss
my ruby little
lips.

Fish!
Fresh fish!
Buy fish?

W'en de win' blow Nort',
Nutt'n's cawt;
W'en de win' blow Sout',
De fish go out;
W'en de win' blow Eas',
De fish bite leas';
W'en de win' blow Wes';
Den de fish bite bes'!
Fish! Fresh fish! Buy fish?

Charleston S.C.



Squir'l is a funny thing,
He totes a bushy tail.
Steals away my
father's corn,
And hulls it
on a rail.

Possum is a funny thing,
E goes round in the dark.
Crawls into a hollow
tree,
W'en 'e hears my ol' dog
bark.

Turkey is a funny thing,
A scratchin' in the gravel.
But w'en you go
an try to catch
him,

Golly! he c'n travel!

North Carolina

A sailor boy once went
to sea,
Sing Heave-a-ho my laddie!
And he'd nothing to drink,
but a cup of tea,
And nothing to eat,
But a slice of meat.
Sing Heave-a-ho my laddie!

He sailed the seas, and he
sailed right well,
Sing Heave-a-ho my laddie!
Though his boat
was made of a
peanut shell.
Nor did he care
For a rudder to steer.
Sing Heave-a-ho my laddie!
And when he had crossed
the ocean blue,
Sing Heave-a-ho my laddie!
He was hungry, and ate,—now this
is true,—

Three fried pig-tails,
And a keg of
nails.
Sing Heave-a-ho
my laddie!

I know a little maid with eyes
of blue,
And this little maid has a
temper too,
For she kicks, and she fights,
And she butts, and she bites,
If we don't let
her do what
she wants
to do.

N.B. Roanoke Va.

Hay for horses,

Straw for moo- -cows,

Milk for babies,

Meat for bow-wows.

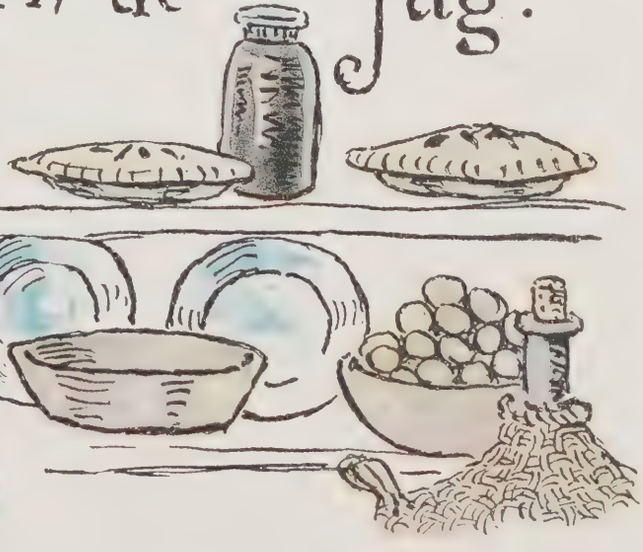
Squirl has a bushy tail,

'Possum's tail is bare,

Raccoon's tail has rings around,

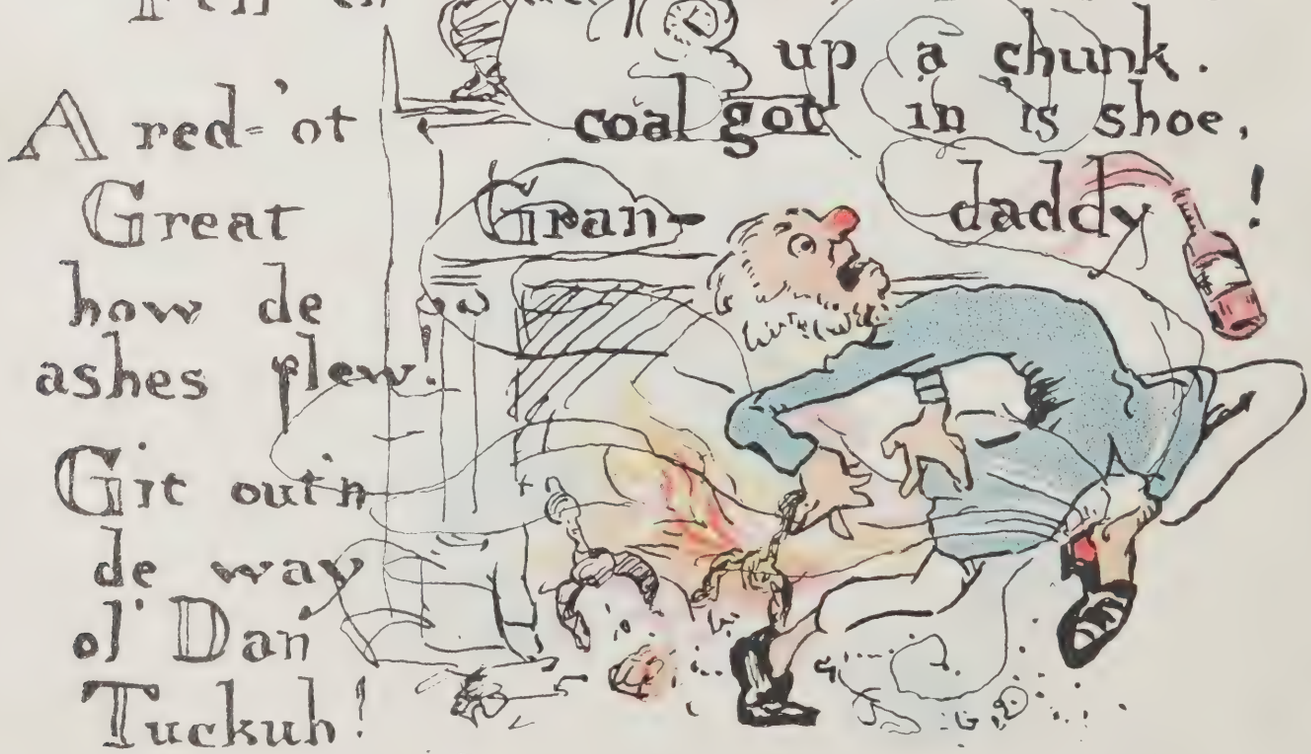
And stumpy grows the hair.

Cohn in de cohn-crib,
Chick'ns en de yawd,
Meat in de smoke-house,
Tub full o' lard.
Coffee en de tin box.,
Meal in de sack,
Flour in de flour-barr'l
Bacon on de rack.
Cream en de cream-pitcher,
Honey in de mug,
Cider in de jimmy-john,
Lookun en de Jug.

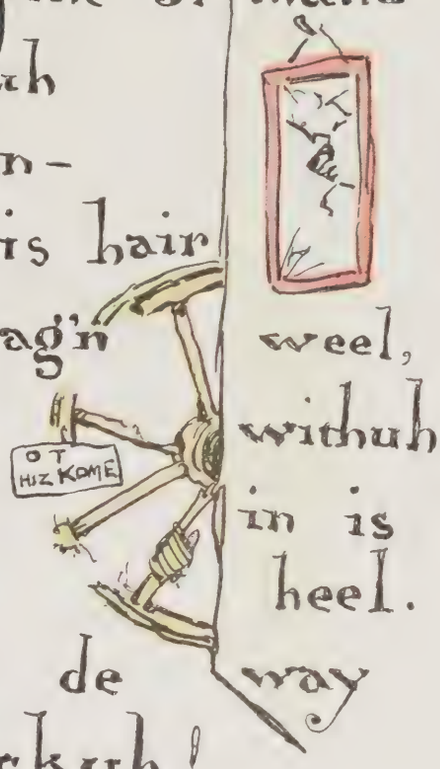


Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man,
He used t' ride a Durham ram.
Rode 'im down t' de
bottom of a hill,
An' ef e aint up, 'e's
down there still!
Git out'n de way
ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r
t' git yo' suppuh!

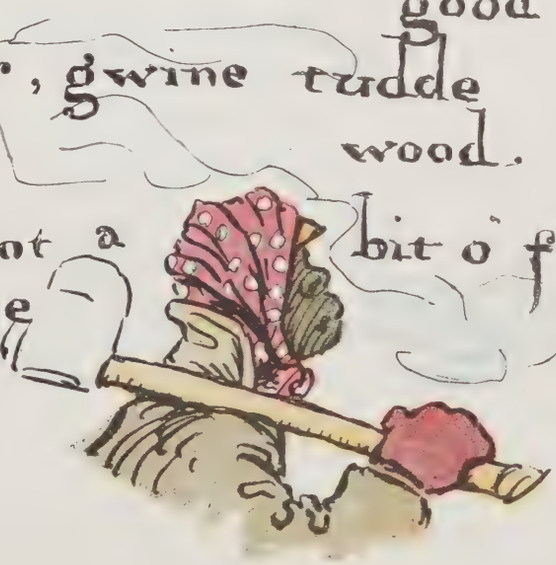
Ol' Dan Tuckuh, he got drunk,
Fell en de fiah, an' e kick't
up a chunk.
A red-hot coal got in is shoe,
Great Gran-daddy!
how de
ashes flew!
Git out'n
de way
ol' Dan
Tuckuh!
Come too late fr git yo'
suppuh!



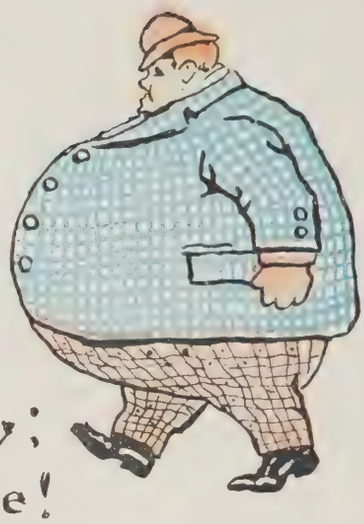
Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man-
Washed 'is face innuh fryin' pan-
Combed 'is hair withuh wag'n weel,
An' died withuh toothache in is heel.
Git out'n de way ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!



Col' frosty mornin', nigger mighty good
Ax on 'is shoulder, gwine tudde wood.
Hot ash cake, not a bit o' fat.
W'ite folks grumble ef 'e eat too mucher dat



Fatty, Fatty, Boom-a-latty;
This is the way he goes!
He is so large around the waist,
He can not see his toes!



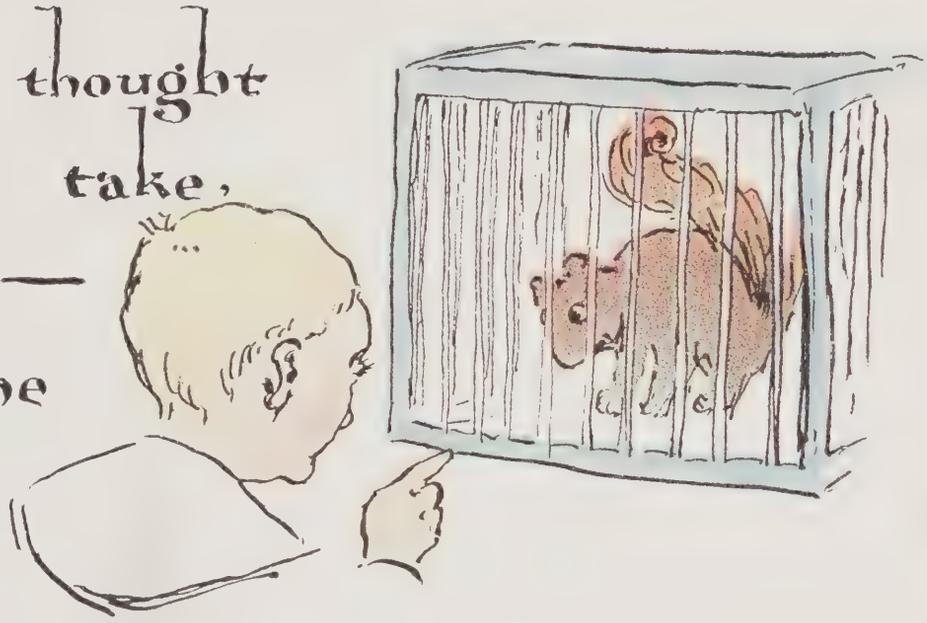
This is Mr Skinny Linny;
See his long lean face!
Instead of a regular suit of clothes,
He wears an umbrella case!

Snake baked a hoe-cake,
Set de frog to hole it.
Frog got to noddin',
Lizzard come an' stole it.
Bring back mah hoe-cake,
Yo' long-tailed Nanny!
Bring it back dis minnit,
Or I'll go an' tell yo' granny!

North Carolina

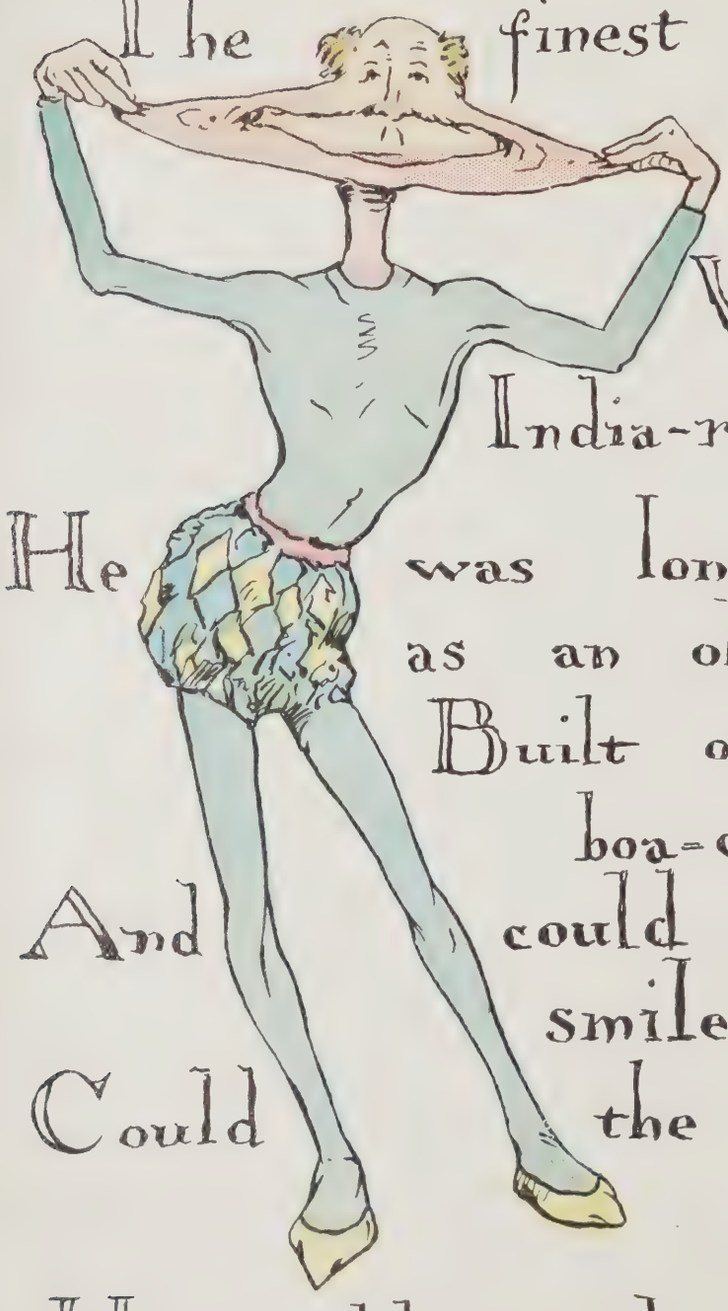
There was a little squir'l,
Had a little curl,
Right in the middle of his
tail, tail, tail.

He saw a corn-cake
That he thought
he could take,
And now,—
he is in the
little jail,
jail, jail.



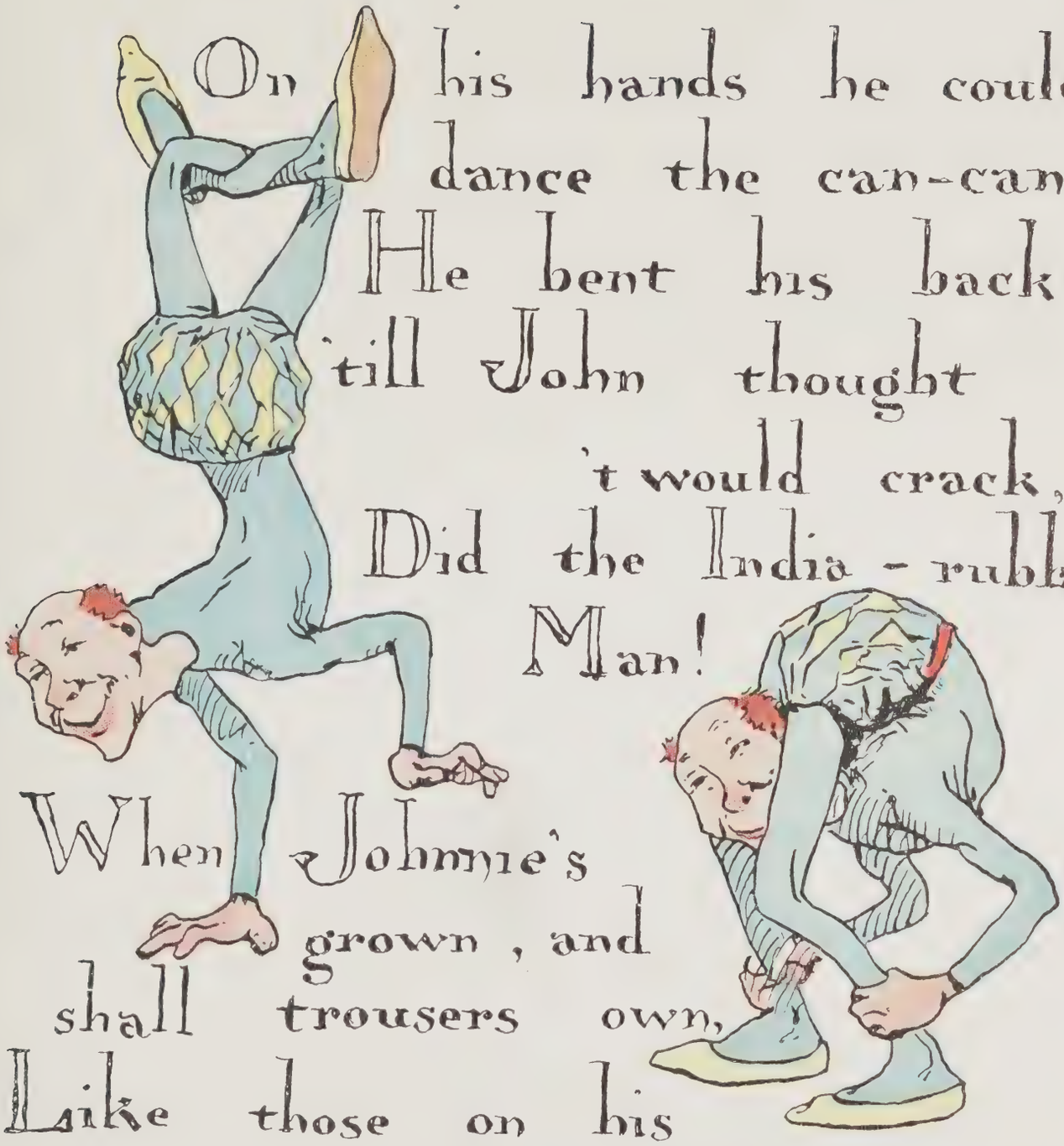
A hen set on some turtle eggs
And hatched out goslings
three.
Two were turkeys with
slender legs,
And one was a
bumble bee.

When Johnnie went in the
Circus tent,
With his father and Unkle
Dan,
The finest sight for
his blue eyes
bright,
Was the
India-rubber Man.



He was long and lank
as an old fence-plank,—
Built on the
boa-constrictor plan,—
And could stretch his
smile almost a mile,
Could the India-rubber
Man.

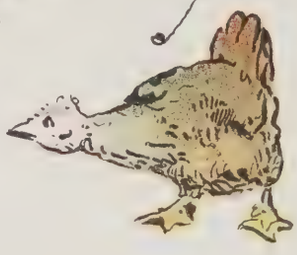
He could tie his feet in a knot
so neat,



On his hands he could
dance the can-can;
He bent his back
'till John thought
't would crack,
Did the India-rubber
Man!

When Johnnie's
grown, and
shall trousers own,
Like those on his
Unkle Dan,
He's going to be,— so he's
told me,—
An India-rubber Man!

Frog en de mud-puddle,
Watchin' de owl,
Owl in de simmon bush,
Watchin' de fowl.
Fowl en de bawn-yawd,
Watchin' de cat.
Cat en de pig-pen,
Watchin' de rat.
Rat he ben teefin,
Nebber see cat.
Cat jump de pig-tail,
swolla de rat!



Ah load mah gun wid suguh plum,
An shoot dem yalluh gall one by one!
Barkalingo Watter-million!
Seed fum Voltaire,
Eat by Shakespaire,
Sot by Moltair.
Barkalingo, Watter-million!
Jus' fum de wine, ripe an fine,
Col' ez ice, an berry nice!
Barkalingo, Watter-million!

MELON SONG - CHARLESTON S.C.

The waiter said
"Will
yo'
have
fish?

Jus' name yo
fav'rit' dish, sah"
"I guess I will,"—
young Thomas said,—
"Bring me some jelly-fish, sir."

Jaybird pullin' a two-hoss wagg'n,
"Sparrer w'y don' yo'?"
"My li'l' laigs so slim en
tenduh.
Feerd dey'll
break in two."

Listen t' me, jus' furrer minnit,
Tell yo' bouter dream Ah had
de other night.
All 'bout de animal
dey call de
rhinosrus,
Sett'n' onner wood-
pile, smok'n'
'is pipe.

Bar upper tree,
hangin' by 'is toes.
Toad's dressed
up inner new suiter
close.
Goose, en de gander, en de ol'
grey nag,
Singin on de
panana, play'n'
"Rally Roun'
de Flag."

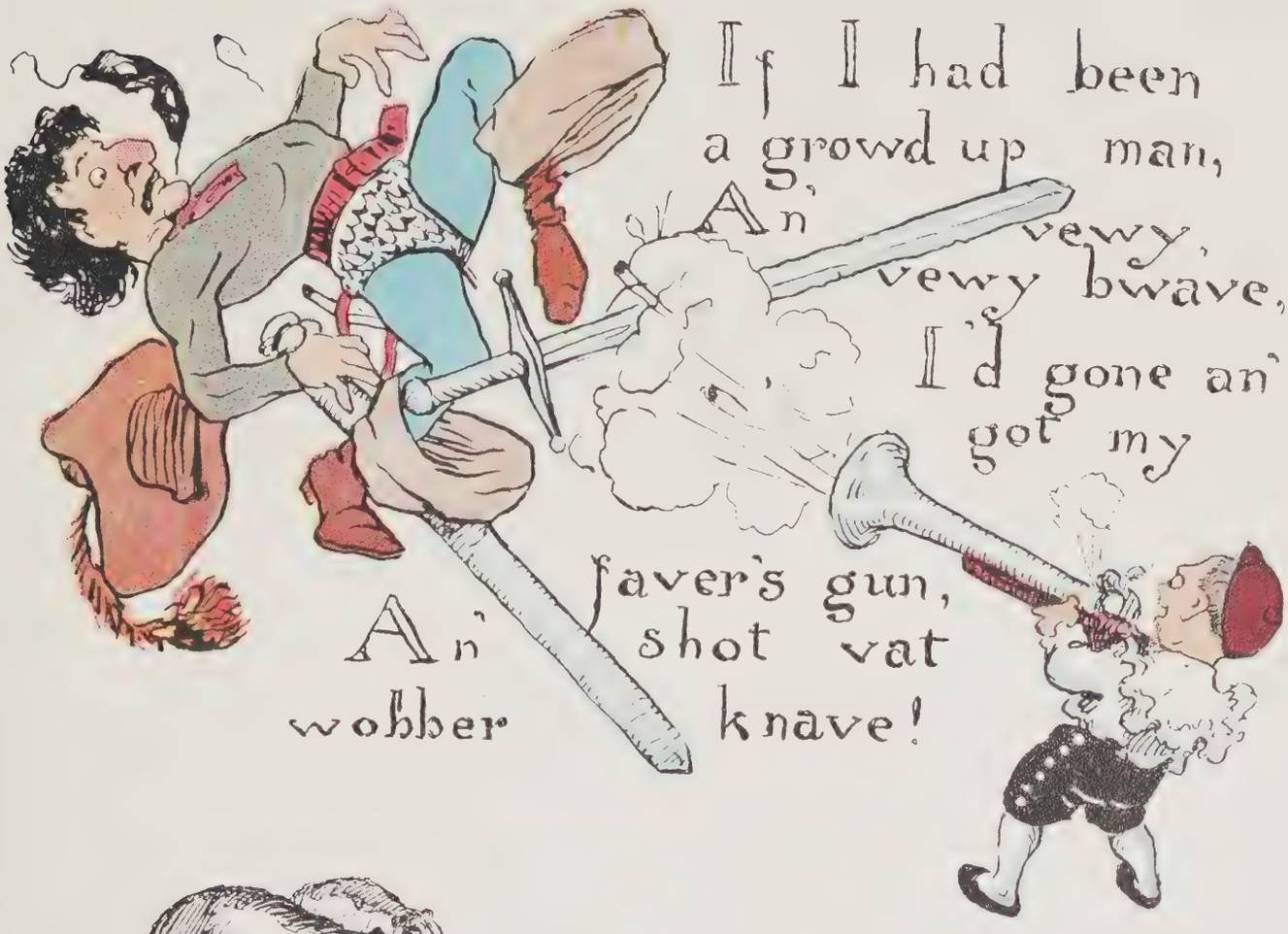
Rousters' Song - St Johns River, Florida

Vere was a bad old wobber man,
Lived in a dark, thick wood;
He kep' close watch on every one,
An' wobbed w'en ere he could.

His hair was thick an' black an' long,
His eyes was fierce an' bwight,
His sword was sharp, his arm was stwong;
He dearly loved to fight!

W'en ere a little boy passed by,
Or else, a little maiden, "
He laughed Ha, Ha! an ven,
"He, He!"

An' wiv his sword he slayed 'em!



If I had been
a growd up man,
An' vewy,
vewy bwave,
I'd gone an'
got my
faver's gun,
An' shot vat
wobber knave!

Dey's de badger, en de bar.
En de funny lil' har,-
En de active lil' flea.
En de lil armadiller,
Dat sleeps
widouter piller.
En dey all
gotter mate but me.

Florida

Pussy was a black cat,
Pussy she was lean.
Pussy brought us bad luck,
That was very mean.

Pussy was a white cat,
Pussy she was fat,
Pussy brought good luck to us
Now what do you think of that?

I love coffee,
I love tea,
I love the boys,—
And the boys love me.

Yuh dey are! Dey's sna-sna-
sna-snab-beans!
Dey's tenduh sho'
enuf,-
Dey'll melt up in yo' mouf,-
Yo' kin skasely git enuf,
Yuh dey are! Dey's sna-
sna-sna- snab-beans!

Swee' p'taters all-a-ripe!
Snab-beans, snab-beans
Ahish taters all-a-ripe, an'
squashes too
Jes come en quickly git 'em,
F'o' yo' sholy wants t' eat 'em,
Yuh's yo' taters, an' yo' squashes,
en yo' sna-sna-snab-beans too

Charleston, S.C.

Berries in the spring time
Pumpkins in the fall.
Girls with yellow dresses on,
I do love 'em all.

W'en de screech-owl light on de gable en',
En holler "Who-oo, oo—oo!"
Den yo' bettuh keep yo' eye-ball peel,
Kase 'e bring bad luck t' yo'!

W'en de ol' black cat, widde yaller eyes,
Slink aroun' lak she atter mouse,
Den yo' bettuh tekcayr yo'se'f en frien's,
Kase dey's sholy a witch en de house!

W'en de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon'
En start t' comb 'e fedder
Den yo' bettuh tek yo' omberel,
Kase dey's gwine tubbe wet wedder!

Effer ol' wite rooster, widder
speckly tail,
Commer crowin befo' de do' –
En yo' got some compiny a-ready
Yo' is gwineter have
some mo'.

W'en yo' see a
pig a-goin' along,
Widder straw en de sider
'is mouf,
Hit'll be er turrble wintuh
En yo' bettuh move down Souf.

W'en yo' gits up f'um
de table,
Doncher nevuh
knock ovuh
a chur;
Kase ef
yo' do, desses sho's
yo' bawn,
Yo' won' git marrit dis yur.

I really don't know why it is,-
My muvver says I'm just as sweet
As ever I can be, but Sis,-
She's twelve an' oldern me, Im ony eight.-
She calls me Fusty Boots.

Sometimes when I'm out jumping rope,
With Susie, May, or maybe Nell,
'Cause I don't want to turn the rope,
They say I cheat an' that they'll tell,-
And call me Fusty Boots.

And when I'm in the dining-room,
At Aunty Mary's house on Sundays,
An' I want to touch a cup or spoon,
Or taste the sugar,—then she says
That I'm a Fusty Boots.

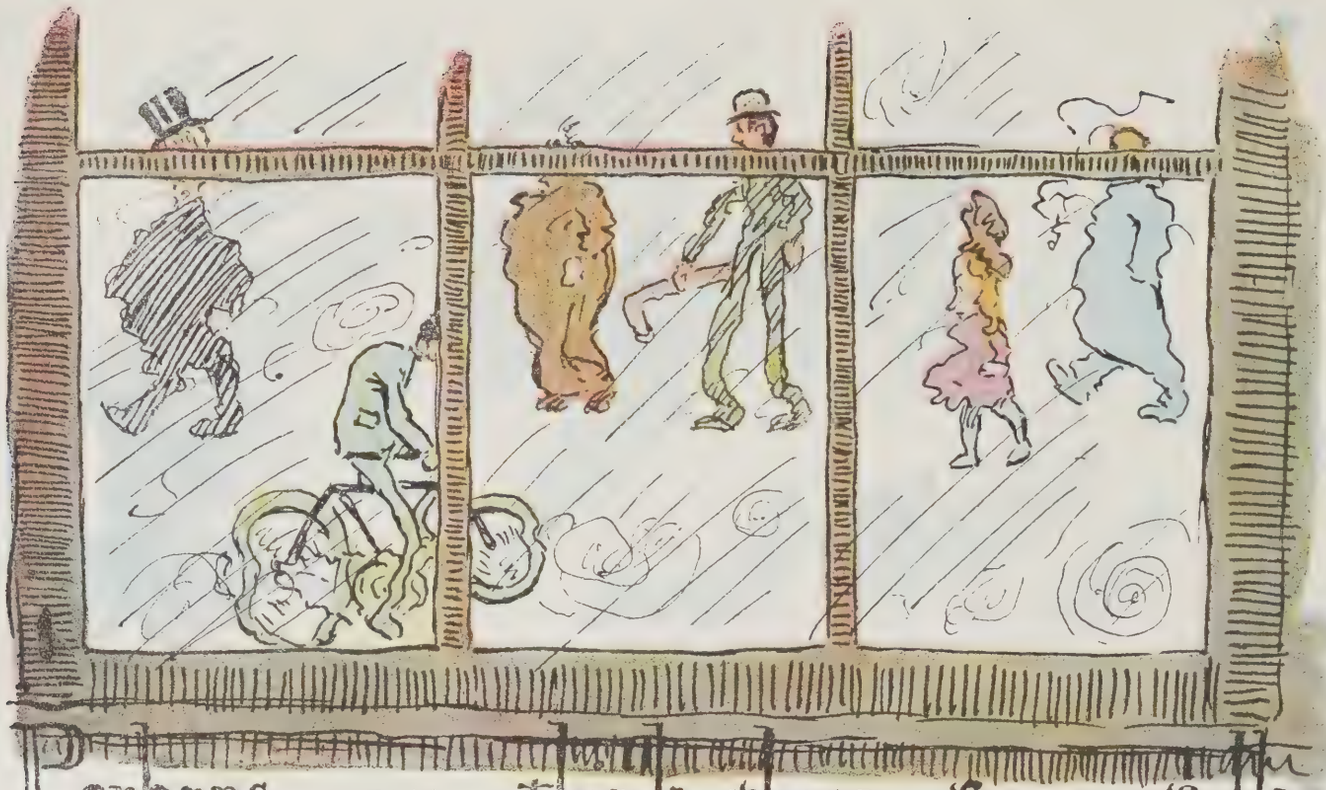
De Jay-bird up de simmon tree,
De Possum on de groun',
De Possum says t' Jay-bird,—
"Kin'ly shake dem simmons down".

A funny old man was Sir Oddity Good,
He'd never do anything just as I would.
If I drank from a cup,
He'd drink from a pan,
And declare he was right, would this funny old man.

In winter he'd always wear gloves on his feet.
He'd never use salt in his soup, or his meat.
His own bread he'd bake,
His own clothes he'd make;
And when he was ill, would no medicine take.

He'd put on his coat sir, the wrong side before,
And hang up his overcoat outside the door.
He walked like a rowdy,
Would never say, "Howdy",

Nor take his umbrella, when
the weather was cloudy.
If he fell in the
river, he'd come out
quite dry.
To
sleep
on a
pillow he never
would try.
'Twas an ill to
be sure,
That no doctor
could cure,
To be always so queer. Do
you wish it were yours?
Ol' har' skip,
en de ol'
har' hop.
Ol' har stole mah
turnip top



Perhaps you think these funny folk
I've drawn this way just for a joke,—
With legs too long and bodies squat,—
But no.— I honestly have not.
They're really people that I've seen,
While looking through a window-pane.

This window-pane is full of swirls,
And knots, and waves, and kinks, and curls.

And when I look through at the
town,
It twists the whole place all
around.
No matter how or when I try,
All things will still seem all
awry.

Folks who are stout it
makes like that,-
And slender folks like
this, are fat.

A boy,
has legs four
times too long.

A girl, dear me!
is quite too strong!

And as for your dear
mama's size,-
Well,- if you'd see, use your
own eyes.

Meetskeeter 'e fly high –
Meetskeeter 'e fly low –
Ef ever I gits my han'
on 'im –
'E never fly no mo'!

I love punkin, –
I love plum, –
I love you –
I do, I
Vum!

Da-aibble!

Debble, Daibble Crab!

My 'ol 'oman makes me mad,-
Sen's me oud widde Develish Crab!

Debble?
Ah have 'em hot,
Ah have 'em brown,-
Ah have 'em long,
Ah have 'em roun',-
Dey's nice en fat, dey weighs a poun',-

Daibble!
Hard fried, Crab Cakes, en Daibble Crabs!
Hard fried, er yawd wide!

Crabbee?
Keep yo' haid levvul!
'Tom de devvul!
Ah on'y has de kin' de ladies oughter buy.
Ef yo' don' come soon Ah'm er'goin' by.

Daibble! Debble Crab!
Crab-man's goin' 'way - Good-bye.

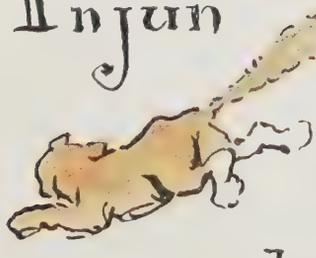
Baltimore, Md.

Brer Rabbit am one cunnin' ting
Him lie down by de rail.
Yo' nebber know Brer Rabbit dar
Twell yo' see 'e
cotton tail.
Big
eye Brer Rabbit,
Boo! Boo!
Big eye Brer Rabbit, Boo-da!

Brer Rabbit am one cunnin' ting
Him rammul in de dark.
Yo' nebber know Brer Rabbit
dar
Twell yo' year
dem houn' dog bark.
Big eye Brer Rabbit, Boo! Boo!
Big eye Brer Rabbit, Boo-da!

Who got a a---igg?
Who got a a--igg?
Who gotter
Guineakee?
Who wanter
pickawee?
Oo pick
Oo pick?
Who gotter aigg?

Baltimore - Md
Egg-picking cry

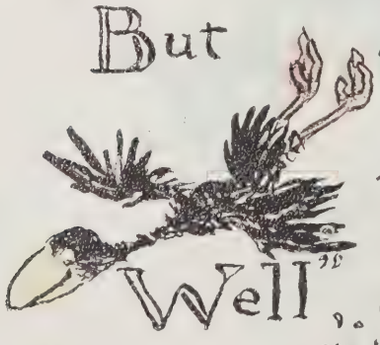


Injun meat and pumpkin
pie,
Black cat
scratched out the yellow
cat's eye.

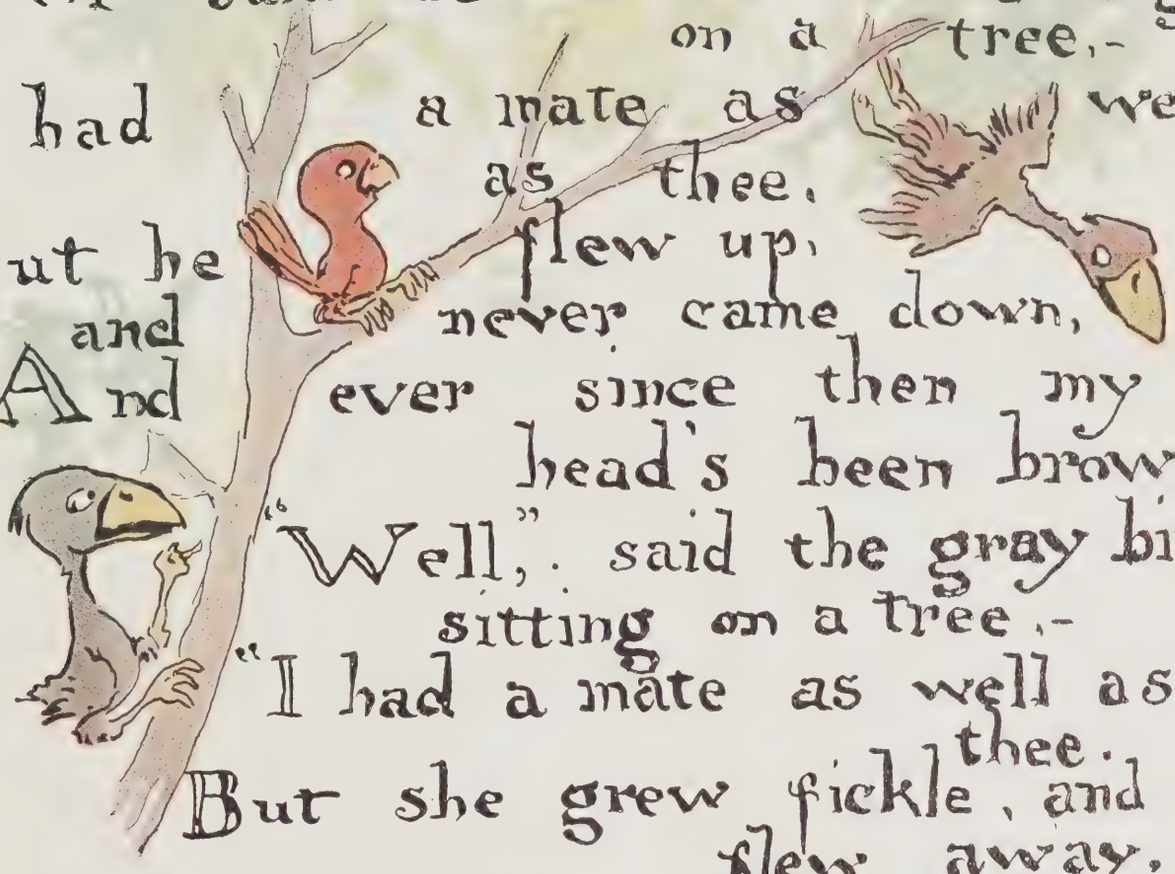
"Well", said the red bird, sitting
on a tree,-
"I had a mate as well as
thee.
But she grew fickle, an'
away she
fled,
An' ever since then my head's
been red!"

"Well," said the blue bird,
sitting on a tree,-
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But he grew fickle, and
away he flew,
And ever since then,
my head's been blue."

"Well," said the
black bird,
sitting on a tree,-
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she flew away, and never
came back,
And ever since then,
my head's been black!"



"Well," said the green bird,
sitting on a tree,-
"I had a mate ez well ez thee.
Bud he flew away an' wuz
never more seen.
An' ever sence then my haid's
ben green."



"Well" said the brown bird. sitting on a tree,-
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But he flew up, and never came down,
And ever since then my head's been brown!"
"Well," said the gray bird, sitting on a tree,-
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she grew fickle, and flew away,
And ever since then my head's been gray

Charlottesville. Va.

O-e-y-! Oy'ee! Oy'ee!
Some t' stoo, en some t' fry,
En some t' make de oystuh pie!
Oo--oy'ee!

Baltimore, Md.

Mammy! Mammy! wot – a
pain I've got!
Take me down to the
doctor's shop.
Give me somethin' –
I don' care wot, –
Just so it cures
this pain
I've got!

Doctor
Brawder
built a house,
Forty stories high,
Every story in that house
Was full of
chicken pie.

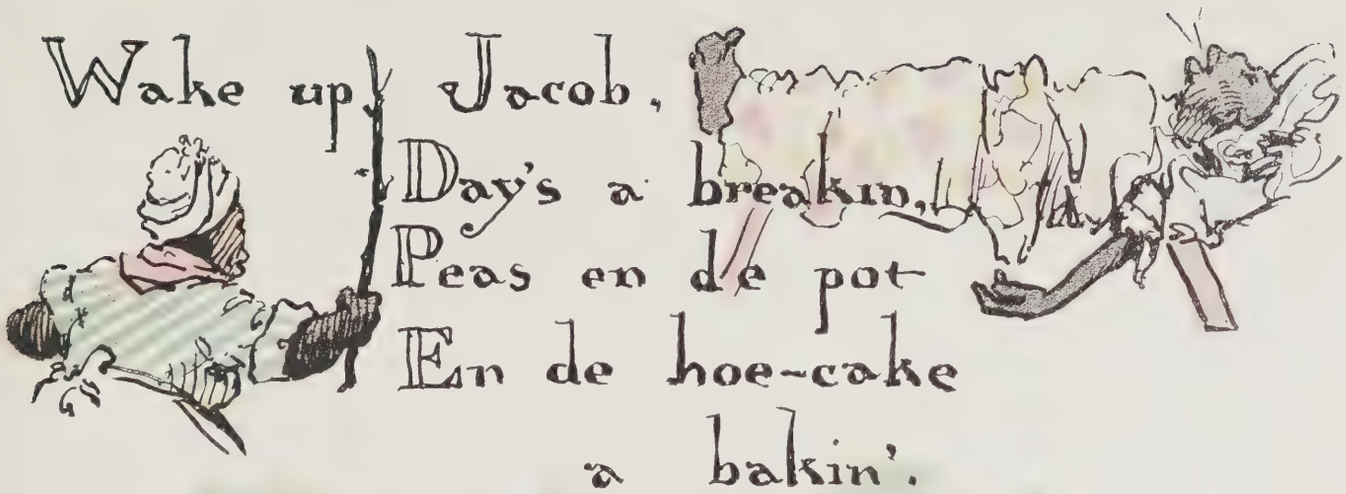
Uncle Jim is long and slim,
His neckties are all purkle,
He sticks out his head like
an old grey goose,
And draws it in like
a turkle.

Buy enny pickles? Ingons en
snaps,
En all kinder traps -
Ten cents a plade,
ef yo' ain'
too lade.
Pickles?
Buy enny
Pickles?

Litte Tommy Tittymouse,
Stole a dollar and
bought a house.
Took his wife
and went to town,
When he came back,
it had burned
down.

I love to feed th' chick'ns,
I love to
milk th' cow,
I love to
hear the farmer boy
A' whist-lin' at
th' plow.

Wake up, Jacob,
Day's a breakin,
Peas en de pot
En de hoe-cake
a bakin'.



Green Apple! Green Apple
How do you do?
You're almost too hard
For my chewers to chew.
You look very nice,
But I know it is
true.

That
I'll take
paregoric,
If
I should
chew
you.

The Po' Tucky-ho.

W'en they go to bakin',
t' bakin' bread,
They build upuh
fiah ez high's
your haid,
Rake out
th' ashes,
'n' th'o' in th' dough, —
That's th' way wi' th' Po' Tucky-ho.
That's th' way I seen 'em do,
W'en I lived along o' th'
Tucky-ho crew.

W'en they go to milkin', they
milk innuh gourd,
Set't innuh cohnur, cover'd
withuh board.
If you don't believe that this is so,
'Jus' ast your daddy 'bout th'
Po' Tucky-ho.

That's th' way I seen 'em do,
W'en I lived along o' th'
Tucky-ho crew.

W'en they go t' eat'n', th' table
looks bare.
Nothin' on th' table but an ol'
skinned hare.

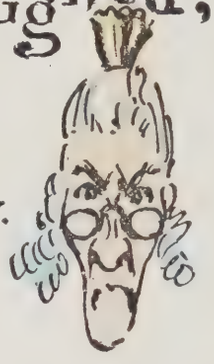
An' wile they're eat'n'
iffer rabbit comes by,
Up from th' table they all do
fly!

That's th' way I seen
'em do,

W'en I lived along
o' th' Tucky-ho crew.

Folk-lore song - Lexington, Va.

Mary Stout was very tall,
Sally Long was dumpy
Julia Grunter always laughed,
Jane Smiles was always grumpy.



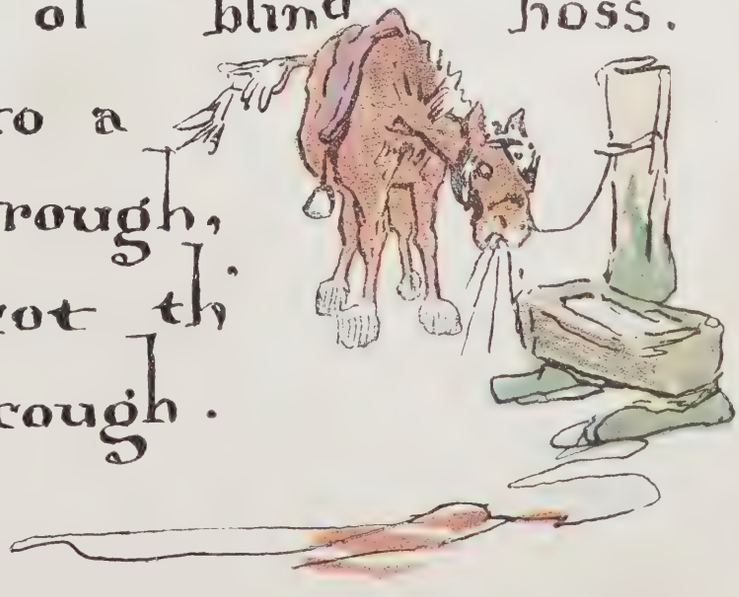
L.H.B. Roanoke Va

Once I knew a little boy,
And he was so very small,
You could put him in your pocket,
And he would n't show at all
He used to say that though 't was sad
To be so very small,
Still, - he'd wear his clothes out twice as much,
If he were twice as tall.

Hey Loo! Sugar, Sugar Too!
Cat's in the cream— crock,
What shall we do?
Bran new boots
up to my knees.
I can kiss any pretty girl I please.
Just from the rail-road
Trolly Rolly day
Jimmy keeps a-pickin' on the
banjo.

Lexington. Va.

Went to th' river, an' couldn't
ged acrost,
Paid $5.00 fr an ol' blind hoss.
Hitched him up to a
popl'r trough,
An there he cot th'
whoopin' cough.

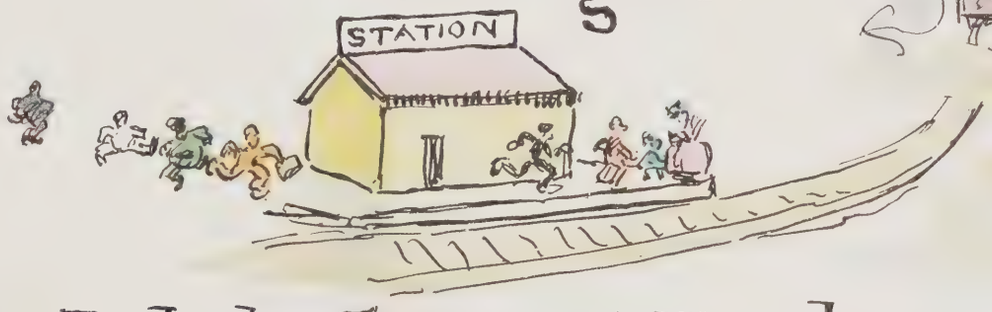


A man who did
nothing but beg,-
Though his health
was as sound as
an egg,-
When asked was
he ill,
Said,-"No, no Sir! but
still,
I've a very large
bone in my leg."

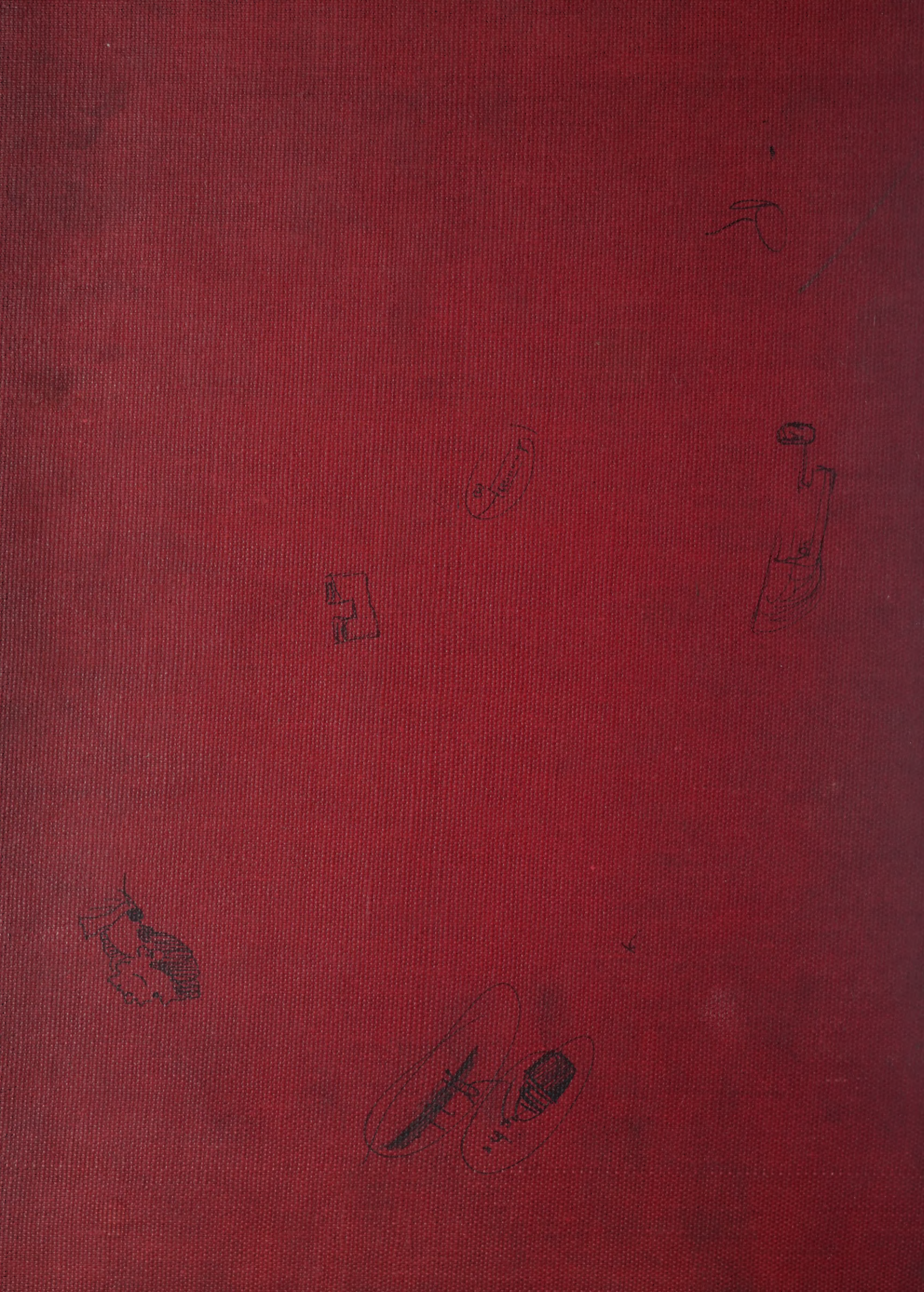
Grass hopper sett'n on er
swee'-p'tater vine,-
Swee'-p'tater vine, swee'-p'tater
vine,
Grasshopper sett'n
on er
swee'-p'tater
vine

Gobbler come
a kickin'
up behin'.

Nebber seen
de like sence
I been bawn-
De people keep a-comin
an' de train
done gone.



Ef I had Sister Sally here.
An' she'd climb like
she useter,
I'd send her up
that sycamore tree
to ketch that
bob-tail rooster.

Wiggly Willy is his name,
He wiggles all the day.
He's never still from morn till night,
Not even in his play.
He wiggled the buttons off his clothes;
He wiggled his fingers on to his toes;
He wiggled his mouth to the end of his nose!
He wiggles, and jiggles
And wrig- gles, and sniggles!
He'll wiggle so very much some day.
He'll wiggle and wriggle himself away.

NOV 24 1942